

suicide. Whether the people choose to go along with this is, naturally, another matter. . . .

Europe today has little desire to reproduce itself, fight for itself or even take its own side in an argument. Those in power seem persuaded that it would not matter if the people and culture of Europe were lost to the world.

Thanks to the work of Rémi Brague, one is in a position to judge just what the loss

to humanity would be. Only time—and the results of human decisions—will tell whether he is a Cassandra to a doomed continental culture or a Jeremiah envisaging a rejuvenated Europe-made-whole. But in the face of these great uncertainties, one can safely say that Brague himself is very much a son of the European culture that he so intelligently and lovingly analyzes, and that his very presence is evidence that his alma mater continues to have some cultural vitality. †

Music Envy

Donald Mace Williams

Composers have it best. Some dimmish light—
Offenbach, Saint-Saens—hits upon a phrase,
Two minutes in the playing, and it stays
To warm our years and grant the flightless flight.
Music is what I love best but can't write,
Since math has always made my poor eyes glaze.
Now, meter, I've had since my earliest days.
My toes count off all day and half the night.
My verse has feet then, but I think no wings.
(This groundedness must show my words at last
Weigh something.) Would I change my state with kings?
No, William, just with Beethovens and Bachs,
All those whose ear-arithmetic surpassed
Angels in flight but gripped the earth like rocks.